## POETRY.

### ODE

For the Inauguration of Franklin's Statue, Wednesday, Sept. 17th, 1856.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Give welcome to his sculptured form!
Art's noble child in stone here is seen.
There let him stand in light and storm,
Our sea-girt city's greatest son.

His genius stamped the Press with power;
His glance the glowing future saw;
His science curbed the fiery shower;
His wisdom stood with Peace and Law.

The world his story long has shrined—
To Fame his spotless deeds belong—
His homely Truth, his ample Mind,
His saxon hate of human Wrong.

Room for the gray-haired patriot sage!
For here his genial life began—
Thus let us look from age to age,
And prompt new Thought ennobling Man.

His lineage sprung from honest toil,
Smart Labor trained his youthful hand;
High with the brave who freed our soil—
Where first he breathed is! FRANKLIN stand.

## AGRICULTURAL.

### Fall Plowing.

The advantages of fall plowing may be enumerated as follows:

1. In autumn the team, having become hard at work through the summer, is in better vigorous, and better prepared for labor than in the spring, and other farm work is less pressing in its demands upon the time and attention than in that bustling period. Let all the plowing be done which is possible in the fall, and still the spring work would give abundant employment to the farmer and his teams, in drawing manure, cross-plowing, cultivating, harrowing, etc.

2. In the fall, low moist lands are, generally, in better condition for plowing than in spring-time. We say generally, for this season, low, moist lands, are decidedly moist at present. Still, we can not hope for any better state very early next year, and if plowed as they should be, wet lands will suffer very little from water through the winter.

3. Stiff, heavy soils, plowed in autumn, undergo, by the action of water and frost, a more thorough disintegration; clays are pulverized and crumbled; and heavy loams and hard-pan lands are acted upon in a like manner, and with like benefit.

4. Heavy, coarse swards, full of rank weeds and grasses, can be better subdued by plowing in the fall—their roots are more apt to die out, and far less liable to sprout again than when plowed in the spring. The turf is better prepared, by its more advanced stage of decay, for the use of the crops which may be sown or planted upon it.

5. Fall plowing disturbs the "winter arrangement" of numerous worms and insects, and must destroy a large number of these pests, and also their eggs and larvæ. This is a minor advantage, but one worthy of consideration, especially on lands infested with the wire-worm.

The principal objections to fall plowing are these:

1. The loss of that fresh, friable condition readily permeable to air and moisture, and the consolidation of the soil by long exposure to changing and stormy weather. This, on soils of a light character, is a very serious objection to plowing in autumn.

2. The loss of vegetable matter, and the gasses of the same while in a state of decay, is another disadvantage. The latter is a small loss, if the work is done late in the fall, but often, on hill-sides, a large part of the soluable and floating organic matter is washed away by the heavy rains of winter and early spring time. The soil is also consolidated by the same influences. Heavy swards thus situated would sustain less injury than light swards or stubble lands.

The advantages and disadvantages of this practice may be appropriately followed by brief directions for performing the work.

1. Do it in the best manner.

2. Throw up low lands in narrow beds, and cut cross-furrows and drains sufficient to carry off, at once, all surface water. This will obviate one great objection to fall plowing.

3. Plow deep and narrow furrows—such will best secure the action of the ameliorating influences of frost upon the soil. A rough broken surface is better than a smooth one for this purpose.—[Rural New Yorker.

### Swine Epidemic.

The Auburn (N. Y.) American, says: "That within a week past Sheldon & Co., distillers, have lost 1,000 out of 1,500 hogs at their distillery at Jordan, twelve miles from this city. Of the whole drove 500 were driven off when the distemper broke out. The 1,000 left died off rapidly. One physician pronounced the disease cholera, and another putrid erysipelas. They were worth on an average $10 per head. The loss is therefore very heavy. In addition to this, it has cost $1,000 to bury them. Each was buried six feet deep. Those that were driven off and fed on buttermilk are recovering. The partner of Mr. Sheldon is dangerously ill, and nearly all the hands connected with the distillery are sick.

### English Farm Implements.

At the recent Royal Agricultural Show in England, there were 869 different implements on exhibition. Among them were, of different patterns, 13 bean splitters, 25 clod crushers, 18 corn-dressing machines, 15 cultivators, 8 draining machines, 10 gates and posts, 10 haying machines, 24 horse-hoes, 25 linseed and corn crushers, 5 manure distributors, 5 reaping and 8 mowing machines, 32 plows, 3 steam cultivators, 10 sub-soil pulverizers, 33 threshing machines, 15 turnip cutters, 13 winnowing machines, &c.

### Wheat—Relative Value of Grain and Flour.

There is no fixed ratio of value in this country between the market price of wheat and flour. Not one farmer in ten understands, when he reads the current price of flour, what should be the price of the bushel of grain. As a general rule everywhere, a bushel of wheat is worth two-ninths of a barrel of flour. That is if flour is worth $9 a barrel, wheat is worth $2 a bushel. But that is not the rate that it is generally bought and sold at, because the miller is not disposed to give that price; he is willing to make a quarter profit, and the farmer is willing to let him. But let the relative price of wheat be once fixed at two-ninths the price of a barrel of flour, and it will be very easy for a farmer in any part of the country, who knows the price of flour in New York, and the cost of transportation from his farm to the city, to determine what his wheat is really worth a bushel.—

### A New Hedge Plant.

We see the common barberry bush recommended as a suitable plant for hedging, and we concur in the recommendation. It is a very hardy plant, and grows freely from the sea-shore of New England to Canada. It is not a tree, but a bush, and rarely gains a hight over eight feet. It is full of prickles, and is never eaten by cattle, and we should think would never be broken through. It grows thick from the ground, and in good land, will be large enough for a fence in five or six years. The fruit of the barberry bush is a bright scarlet berry, half or three-fourths of an inch long, of the diameter of a small pipestem; and is esteemed by some persons a valuable fruit for mixing with others less acid, it being extremely tart. The bushes have a very pretty appearance when the fruit is ripe. It is to be hoped that its virtues as a hedge-plant will be fully tried. The vulgar opinion that this bush is injurious to wheat or rye is a ridiculous superstition.—[N. Y. Tribune.

### A Machine for Milking Cows.

JOHN W. KINGSMAN, an ingenious farmer, of Dover, New Hampshire, has invented a machine for milking cows, which he describes as doing the work upon the same principle as suction of the calf, by means of connecting the teats, by india-rubber cups and tubes, with an air-tight vessel, out of which the air is pumped.—The apparatus draws the milk, eight quarts in four minutes. It looks as though it would do. At any rate, the milk will be kept clean.

### Working Cows.

In a recent number of the N. E. Farmer a writer advises the use of cows instead of oxen for working teams on farms of small dimensions. The advice is supported by the citation of many instances in which it had been done successfully; the cows performing their functions as cows, as well as doing the work of the farm. We have never chanced to see cows in the yoke, but they might as well work as mares with young colts, and save the expense of keeping an ox team for the light amount of work often required of them.

### The Missouri Hemp Crop.

According to the St. Louis Democrat, the Hemp crop in that vicinity, is a partial failure. A short distance out from the river the long continued drouth has almost completely ruined the crop, and in some places it will not pay the expense of harvesting. But along the margin of the river where the dry weather was not so destructive, the crop is at least an average one, and as respects quality, length, weight of lint and fineness of fiber, is equal to any ever grown in the country.

## VARIETY.

### A Good Joke.

We copy the following excellent joke from the Columbia (Texas) Democrat. It is well known that the two gentlemen referred to, have been at 'swords' points' for some years past:

Gen. Sam Houston and Com. Moore, on their late visit to Austin, occupied seats in the same stage. Not a word was spoken by either on the route. On entering a hotel one day to dine, they were joined by the driver. Moore having retired from the table after dinner, says Houston to the driver:

"You probably have more rascality on board this trip, than you ever carried before."

"Why?" asked the driver.

"You have Commodore Moore along," was the reply.

"Ah General," says the driver, "I just heard Commodore Moore make the same remark, but it was on your account."

### A Great Country.

An innocent and pure minded Jonathan, in a warm argument with a John Bull, on our national institutions, was endeavoring to floor his antagonist, who had sneeringly remarked that fortunately the Americans could'nt go farther westward than the Pacific shore. Yankee searched his pregnant brain for an instant, and triumphantly replied—"Why, good gracious, they're already leveling the Rocky Mountains, and carting the dirt out West. I had a letter last week, from my cousin, who is living two hundred miles west of the Pacific shore—*on made land.*"

Some acute philosopher says: "Poverty is a disease which can only be cured by industry and frugality." This is a mistake. A poultice, made of gold dust, spread upon a bank bill, will do the work effectually.

The reason that tom cats are so musical, is because they are all fiddle-strings inside.

The good are always great—the great not always good.

## VALUABLE RECEIPTS.

### Croup and Whooping-Cough.

The following receipts for the Whooping-Cough and Croup, we copy from the N. Y. Evening Post. On account of the simplicity of the prescribed remedies, we would recommend their trial in those diseases:

*Whooping-Cough.*—The best kind of coffee, prepared as for the table, and given as a common drink to the child as warm as it can be drunk; and a piece of alum for the patient to lick as often as it may wish. Most children are fond of alum, and will get all they need without being urged, but if they dislike it, they must be made to taste of it eight or ten times in the course of the day. It will effectually break up the worst case of whooping-cough in a very short time. To adults or children in the habit of taking coffee, the remedy is good for nothing.

*Croup.*—A piece of fresh lard as large as a butternut, rubbed up with sugar, in the same way that butter and sugar are prepared for the dressing of puddings, divided in three parts, and given at intervals of twenty minutes, will relieve any case of croup not already allowed to progress to the fatal point.

### How to Wash Flannel.

Some washerwomen possess quite a knack in washing flannel so as to prevent it fulling. It is not the soapsuds nor rinsing waters that thicken up flannel in washing, but the rubbing of it. Cloth is fulled by being "pounced and jounced" in the stocks of the fulling-mill with soapsuds. The action of rubbing flannel on a washboard, is just the same as that of the fulling-mill. Flannel, therefore, should always be washed in very strong soap-suds which will remove the dirt and grease, by squeezing, better than hard rubbing will in weak soapsuds. It should also be rinsed out of the soap in warm water, and never in cold, as the fibres of the wool do not shrink up as much in warm as in cold water, after coming out of warm soapsuds. Great care should be taken to rinse the soap completely out of the flannel. This advice will apply to the washing of blankets the same as it does of flannel.

### Camphor a Remedy for Mice.

Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of gum camphor in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it; he will seek his food elsewhere.

### To take Grease out of Cloth.

The following is a cheap, simple and efficacious receipt for taking grease out of cloth: A fluid made of an ounce of liquid ammonia and four ounces of alcohol mixed with an equal quantity of water. There is no better preparation.

### To Remove Creases from Velvet.

Pass the under side of the velvet gently over a warm smoothing-iron. Let one person hold the velvet tight and another pass the iron; then spread out the garment, and brush lightly yet briskly with a velvet brush.

### To Prevent Moths.

In the month of May beat your furs with an elastic stick, then wrap them in linen with pieces of gum camphor, box them up, and put them in a dark place. Woolen goods should be kept in the same way.

### The Vinegar Plant.

The readers of this Journal will, I make no doubt, excuse me if I give them my experience of this most useful thing, which I really feel fairly qualified to chat about, having nearly made all my vinegar in this way for eight years. During this period I have given scores of plants away; in fact, I have done all I could to get others to do as I have done—especially poor cottagers, feeling assured that it was their best plan. In order to convey a just idea of what it really is, I may as well quote its character from the pages of the "Gardener's Chronicle," which is, I presume, a good authority in botanical matters. The extract runs thus: "This is nothing more than the spawn of a fungus, or mould plant, called Penicillium Glaucum; it is of the same nature as those slots and scums which in the language of housekeepers, render many kinds of fluid mothery. It undoubtedly has the property of converting sugar and water into vinegar." And now for my practice: My jar, in which I have always made it, holds five quarts; into this I put one pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of treacle. I then pour hot water on to dissolve it, filling the jar nearly full; it is now carefully stirred until thoroughly dissolved, and when about milk-warm, the vinegar plant is set afloat on its surface. A cloth is then tied carefully down, to exclude all dust, and the jar is set in our kitchen on a shelf in a warm corner. It requires commonly about five or six weeks; but if not wanted, it has remained for a few weeks longer. When wanted, the floating plant is carefully removed, and the contents of the jar are passed through a sieve, in order to obtain the vinegar clear: it is then bottled, corked, and placed among the stores. The vinegar plant is a thick clot, generally about an inch or so in thickness, and appears like a jelly of a leathery texture: the young plants are produced underneath, several in one year. This singular thing appears to adapt itself to the form or size of any vessel after a given time. We use it for general table purposes and for pickling; and I am not aware that I ever heard a complaint against it.

Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom which embitters what we relished at first.

### The Soldier's Wife.

THRILLING INCIDENT.

One of the most exciting cases of presence of mind and self-possession of which we have any recollection, came to light on a trial which took place some years since in Ireland. The story looks like a fiction, but we have reason to believe it true.

A woman in traveling along a road to join her husband, who was a soldier and quartered at Athlone, was joined by a pedlar who was going the same way. They entered into conversation during a walk of some hours, but as the day began to wane, they agreed that they should stop at a house of entertainment, and pursue their pedestrian journey the next day. They reached an humble inn, situated in a lonely spot by the roadside, and fatigued after a long day's walk, they were glad to find themselves under the shelter of a roof. Having refreshed themselves by the substantial supper set before them, they expressed a wish to retire. They were shown into the traveler's room, and went to rest in their respective beds. The pedlar, before retiring, had called the landlord aside, and given into his keeping his pack, which he had unstrapped from his back, till morning, telling him that it contained a considerable sum of money, and much valuable property. They were not long in bed before the pedlar fell into a sound sleep; but the poor woman, perhaps from fatigue, or from thoughts of meeting her husband next day, lay awake. A couple of hours might have passed, when she saw the door slowly opened, a a person entered holding a light, which he screened with his hand. She instantly recognized in him one of the young men she had seen below—son to the landlord.

He advanced with stealthy step to the bedside of the pedlar, and watched him for a few seconds. He then went out, and entered again with his brother and father, who held in his hand a large pewter basin. They went on tiptoe to the bed where the pedlar lay in a deep sleep. One of the young men drew out a knife, and while the father laid the basin so as to catch the blood, he cut the poor victim's throat from ear to ear. A slight, half-audible groan, and all was still save the cautious movements of those engaged in the fatal deed. They had brought in with them a large sack, into which they quickly thrust the unresisting body. The poor woman lay silently in her bed, fearing that her turn would come next. She heard low mutterings among the men, from whom she soon gathered that they were debating whether they should murder her too, as they feared she might have it in her power to betray them.

One of them said that he was sure she was fast asleep, and that there was no occasion to trouble themselves more; but to make sure of this being the case, one came to the bedside with the candle in his hand, and the other with a knife. She kept her eyes closed as if in sleep, and had such complete command over herself, as not to betray in her countenance any sign that she was conscious of what was going on. The candle was placed close to her eyes, the knife drawn across close to her throat; she never winced, or showed by any movement of feature or of limb that she apprehended danger. So the men whispered that she was sound asleep, that nothing was to be feared from her, and they went out of the room, removing the sack which contained the body of the murdered man. How long must that night of horror have seemed to the poor lone woman—how frightful was its stillness and darkness! The presence of mind which had so astonishingly enabled her to act a part to which she owed her life, sustained her through all the trying scenes which she had yet to pass. She did not hurry from her room at an unseasonable hour, but waited until she heard all the family astir for some time; she then went down and said she believed she had overslept herself in consequence of being greatly tired. She asked where the pedlar was, and was told that he was in too great a hurry to wait for her, but that he had left sixpence to pay for her breakfast.

She sat down composedly to that meal, and forced herself to partake with an apparent appetite of the food set before her. She appeared unconscious of the eyes which with deep scrutiny were fixed upon her. When the meal was over she took leave of the family and went on her way without the least appearance of discomposure or mistrust. She had proceeded but a short way when she was joined by two strapping looking women. One look was sufficient to convince her that they were two young men, and one thought to convince her that she was yet in their power, and on the verge of destruction. They walked by her side, entered into conversation, asked her where she was going, and told her that their road lay the same way; they questioned her as to where she had lodged the night before, and made most minute inquiries about the family inhabiting the house of entertainment. Her answers were quite unembarrassed, and she said the people of the house had appeared to be decent and civil, and had treated her very well. For two hours the young men continued by her side conversing with her, and watching with the most scrutinizing glances any change in her countenance, and asking questions which, had she not been fully self-possessed, might have put her off her guard. It was not till her dreaded companions had left her, and till she saw her husband coming along the road to meet her, that she lost her self command which she had so successfully exercised, and throwing herself into his arms fainted away.

Friends follow fortune—they never make it.

### Making the Character.

There is a little anecdote current of a distinguished man who accomplished so much within any given period of his life as to provoke the question how he could possibly have done it. His answer was very simple—"When I have anything to do, I do it." This is only another phrase to express the idea of indomitable perseverance, and indomitable perseverance is one of the most important elements of success in anything, and of human greatness.

There is not probably a man who has any ambition, any desire to succeed in life, any purpose to which he aspires, but is sensible of the importance of sustained effort for its fulfilment. Yet the world is full of people who, with a just sense of this relation of cause and effect, remit application, overlook or neglect small things, postpone those more important, and indulge a disposition for present ease at the expense of future embarrassment, excess of labor, and the risk of success. To such people the duties of life are a constant source of perplexity and irritation, and in the end frequently of an overwhelming despondency. The nervous system irregularly employed, is at length unequal to the accumulated burthen it is required to sustain, yields to the pressure, the health is affected, and, finally, the whole system, mental and physical, succumbs to the consequences of the defect of character.

It is very common for this class of men to excuse themselves by a mode of argument they would object to in others. They see others pushing earnestly and successfully onward in the career of life, always employed, always earnest, always energetic, and they ascribe to these, constitutional qualities which they do not themselves possess. The meaning of this amounts to something more than they would like to confess. It is in fact an admission to this purport: "They can—I can't." Even a *feeling* of this sort should be at once put aside as unmanly, and entirely inconsistent with the essential duties of life.

We do not contend for a moment that such constitutional differences are not common to men. They certainly are, and we perceive them very distinctly marked, both in fact and effect. But they are by no means to be regarded as without remedy, or even without some counterbalancing quality of mind. Defects of character should early engage the attention of young men, and especially at the outset in business life. The adaptation of the character to the requirements of business principles should be carefully considered, and wherever it is deficient and infirm, there the redeeming purpose should be sedulously applied. But it rarely happens that the man conscious of particular defects fails to exhibit other qualities which go far to retrieve them. And an intelligent knowledge of a man's own self is the best assurance he can possess of his ability to correct, harmonize and regulate the energies of his mind.

On the other hand, men who seem to possess unusual qualities conducive to progress and success, if they were better known, or even severely scrutinized, would often prove lamentably deficient in those elements of character which at once enrich, dignify and embellish life, and prove inexhaustible sources of happiness. In this respect the effect of diverse characteristics about equalizes the general condition of humanity; while the man who sedulously cultivates his character is he who alone rises to the highest enjoyment of life in prosperity, and is best armed for an encounter with adversity.

*Nascitur non fit* is an old adage that used to be applied to the poets—"born, not made." But it does not follow that a born poet would not make a good parson, a merchant, doctor or lawyer. It is true such men are rather chary of a poetical reputation; but within the current century we have had increasing evidences of the compatibility of high poetic genius and great literary endowments with the most active and engrossing of the more practical vocations of life. One venerable man, the poet and banker Rogers, a striking illustration in point, has just gone to his rest. In our own country we have a number of living instances of the practical energy of the poetic mind. We do not propose an inversion of the adage—that poets are not born and may be made; that the peculiar gifts of genius are to be acquired. They can be improved. But the illustration of theory we propose is to the fact that the qualities of mind within the ordinary compass of practical life may be cultivated and applied by all men, and the pursuits and occupations in which we are respectively engaged be sustained and prosecuted to success by the steadfast and sedulous education of the character.

An interesting account is given in the London *Times* of an ascent of Mount Ararat, by five Englishmen. The natives believed the feat to be impossible, and that the summit was guarded by divine prohibition. It is 17,323 feet above the sea-level, and terminates in a precipitous, snow-capped cone, which has hitherto foiled all the attempts of explorers. Maj. Robert Stewart, who was one of the party, and who writes the account of it from Erzeroum, states that on reaching the top they stuck to the hilt in the snow a short, double-edged sword. They also drank the health of the Queen. On this he observes, "Her Majesty's name is, probably, the first that has been pronounced on that solemn height, since it was quitted by the great patriarch of the human race, as no record or tradition exists of the ascent having ever been made before.

The man who was frightened by the bark of a tree, is supposed to be of nervous temperament.

### Persevere.

Carry a thing through. Persevere; don't do anything else. If you once fairly, soundly, wide-awakely begin a thing, let it be carried through, though it costs you your best comfort, time, energies, and all that you can command. We heartily abominate this turning backward, this wearying and fainting of soul and purpose. It speaks imbecility of mind, want of character, courage, true manliness.

Carry a thing through. Don't begin it till you are fully prepared for its accomplishment. Think, study, dig, till you know your ground, see your way. This done, launch out with all your soul, heart, and fire; turn neither to the right nor left. Push on giantly—push on, as though creation had been waiting through all time for your especial hand and spirit. Then you'll do something worthy of yourself and kind. Carry a thing through. Don't leap and dally from one thing to another. No man ever did anything that way. You can't.

Be strong minded. Be hopeful, stern and manly. Don't disgrace yourself by being on this thing to-day, on that thing to-morrow, and on another thing next day. We don't care if you are the most active mortal living—we don't care if you labor day and night, in season and out; be sure the end of your life will show nothing, if you change from object to object. Fortune, success, fame, position, are never gained but by piously, determinedly, bravely, sticking, growing, living to a thing, till it is fairly accomplished.

In short, you must carry a thing through, if you want to be any body or anything. No matter if it is hard. No matter if it does cost you the pleasure, the society, the thousand pearly gratifications of life. No matter for these. Stick to the thing and carry it through. Believe you were made for the matter, and that no one else can do it at all. Put forth your whole energies. Stir, wake, electrify yourself, and go forth to the task. Only once learn to carry a thing through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero. You will think better of yourself—others will think better of you. Of course they will. The world, in its very heart, admires the stern, determined doer. It sees in him its best sight, its highest object, its richest treasure. Drive right along, then, in whatever you undertake. Consider yourself amply sufficient for the deed. You'll be successful, never fear.

### Singular Whale Fight.

We mentioned, says the *Northern Ensign*, that a whale, 62 feet long, had been picked up at sea, and taken ashore at Nybster, some 12 miles from Wick, Scotland.

It seems from information on which we can rely that the whale was not, as is popularly supposed, drifted from the Greenland seas, but that he had fallen only the previous day in single combat between himself and another monster of the deep. The conflict which took place about a mile and a half from shore, and which was witnessed from the land by a number of fishermen and others, is described as having been protracted and bloody. The two monsters kept battling with each other, at times with their heads, and at times with their tails, raising a tremendous spray for many yards. After a close and fierce encounter they would each retreat for a considerable distance, and after a brief rest, would again meet in collision, approaching each other with locomotive velocity, at the rate of 50 or 60 miles an hour. On recovering from the stunning effects of such a sudden attack, they would again resume the hand-to-hand fight, rising up in the water, springing up distances of from 20 to 30 feet, and coming down on each other with fearful violence. Meanwhile the sea for a great distance round about had assumed a bright red color, indicating that an immense quantity of blood had been shed. Other animals appeared to have fled from the scene of the engagement; even birds kept at a distance from it. For three hours the battle was prolonged, at the close of which one of the whales became motionless, and the other retired from the field of battle. Next morning, as early as four o'clock, the whale referred to was found not far from the spot where the engagement took place, and from various marks on his body, including a broken jaw bone, there is no reason to doubt that he was one of the two belligerants of the previous afternoon. The body gave every indication of having been but very recently alive.

### The Collins Line of Steamships.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* learns that since the government has decided to reduce the pay to the Collins line, on account of the mail contract, the company have resolved to reduce their rate of speed, thereby avoiding an increased ratio of wear and tear, diminishing the consumption of fuel, and lessining the size of the crews, arguing that if the government cannot afford to pay for great speed, private individuals cannot do it. The greater economy of the new arrangement is apparent from the fact that the average consumption of coal per day, at high speed, is eighty-five tons; at low speed, fifty-five tons. This is a difference equal to $4,000 per voyage, and it is calculated that the saving in wear and tear of machinery will equal this amount, so that the total saving on the twenty-six round trips, as required by contract, will exceed $200,000 per annum, or more than compensate for the loss of pay. It is claimed that there is nothing in the contract binding as to speed, but simply that the vessels "shall be built for high speed."